BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 22

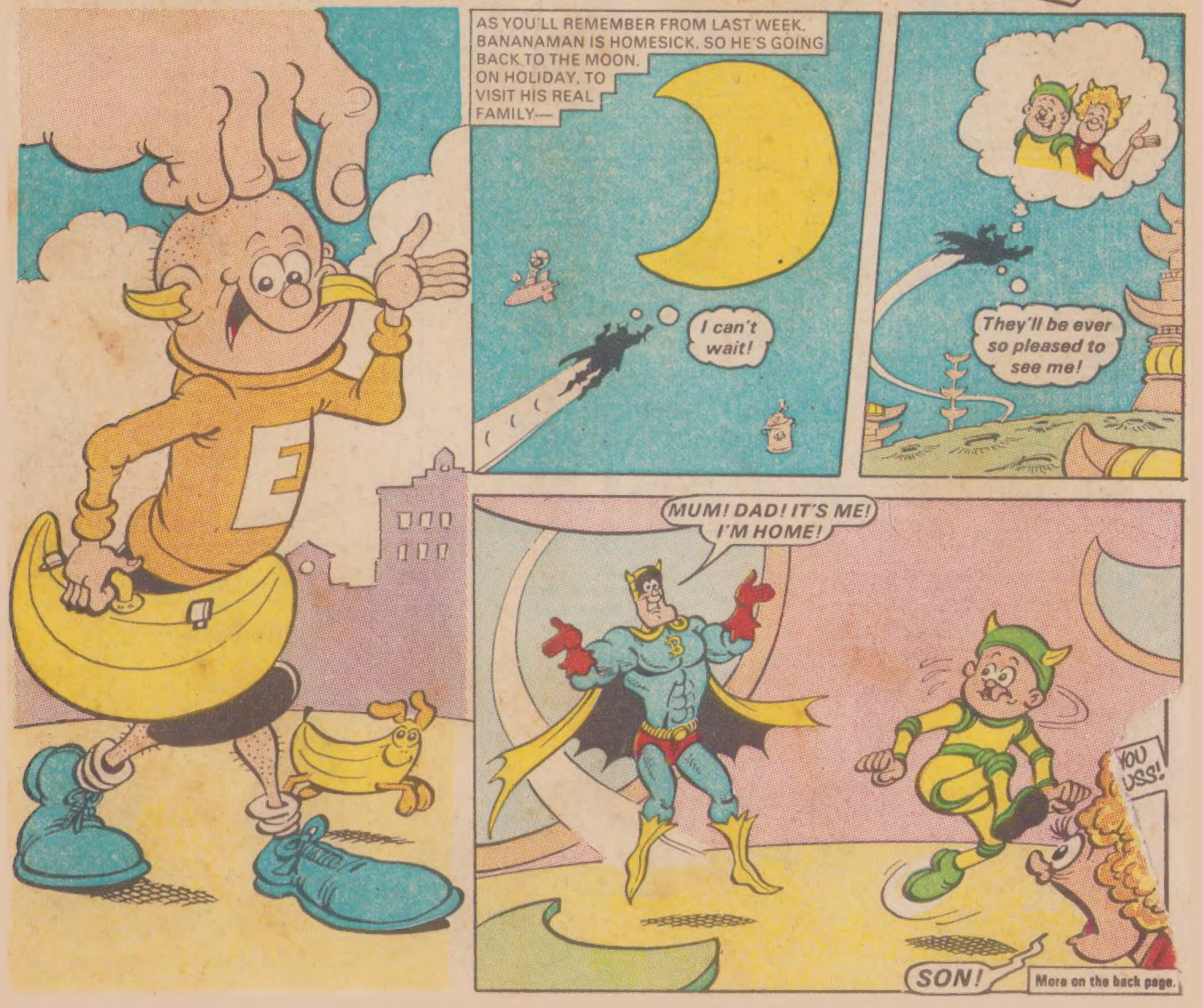
NUTTY

IR-17½p (Inc. VAT)

No. 92 NOVEMBER 14th, 1981 EVERY SATURDAY 12p

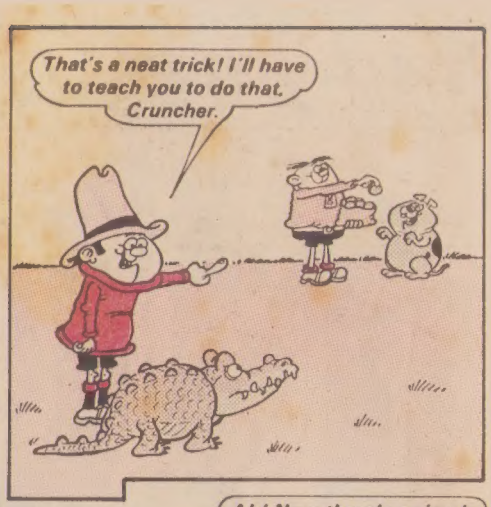
AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

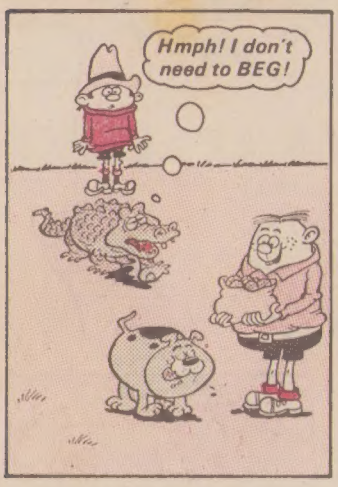
BANANAMAN

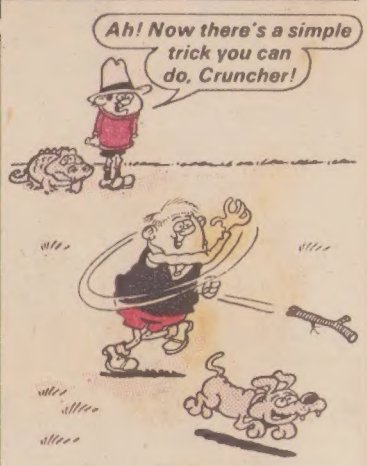


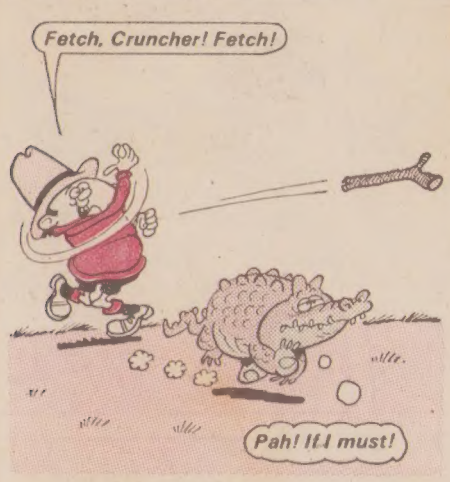
JAY R. HOOD

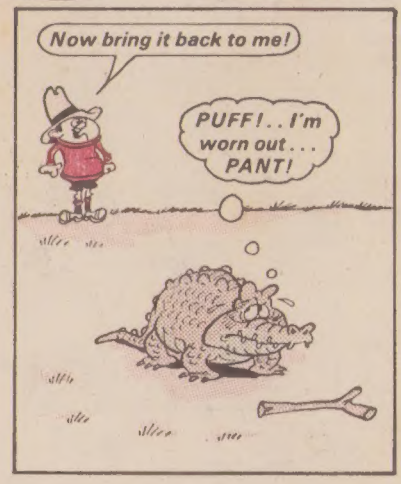
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

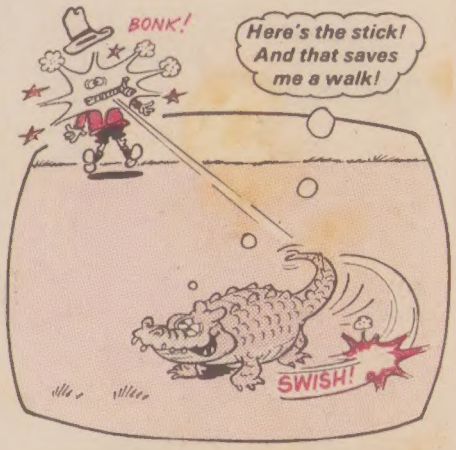


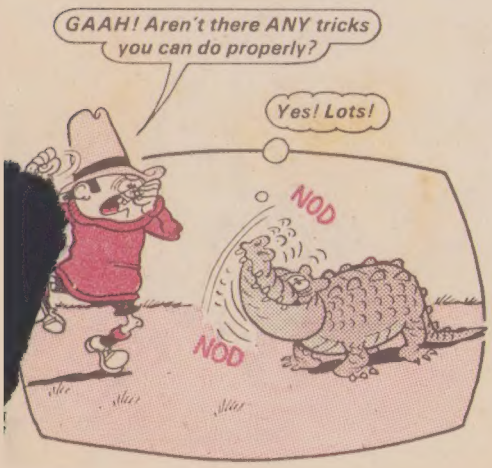




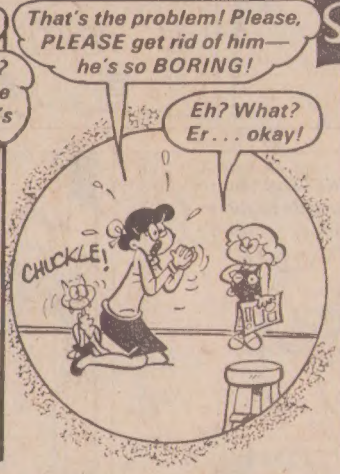


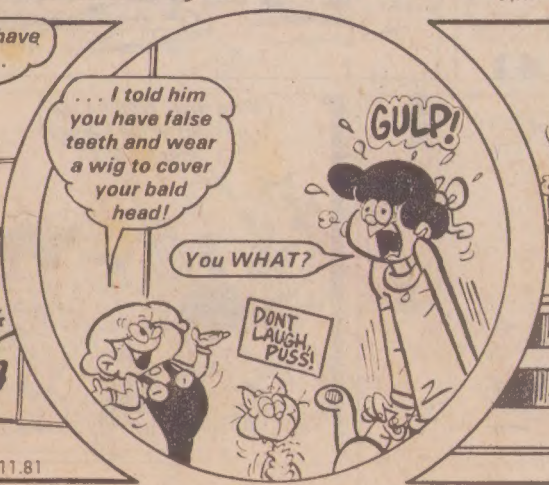






PETER Pest





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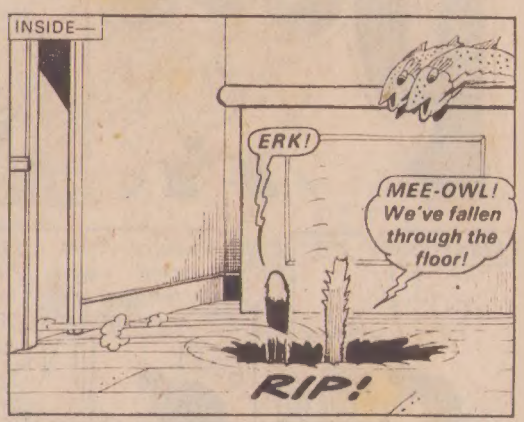
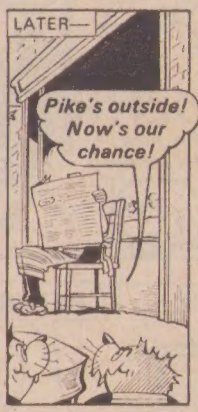
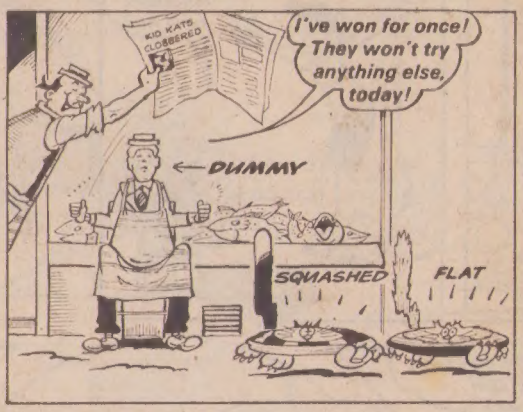
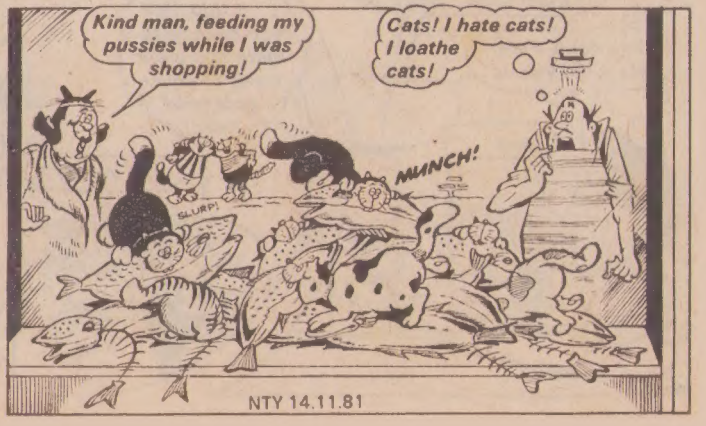
KID KATS









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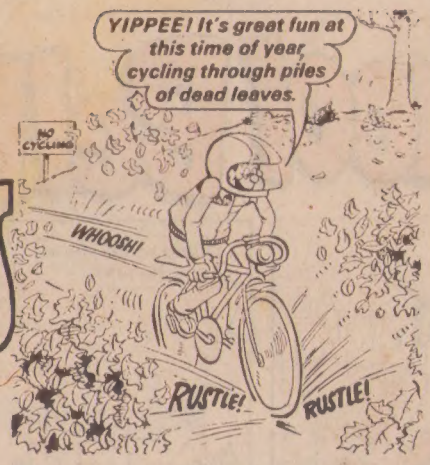
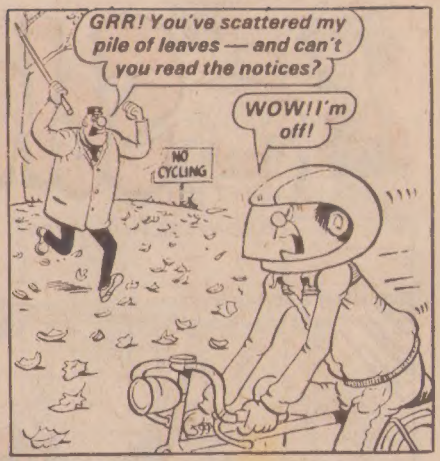
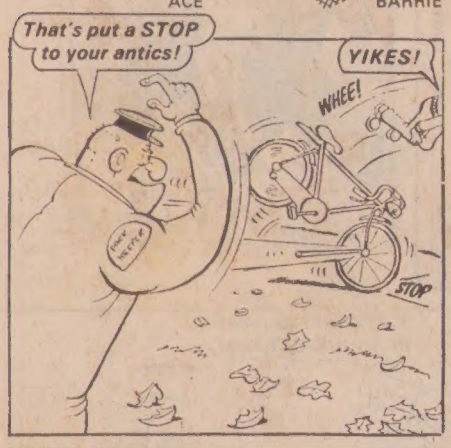
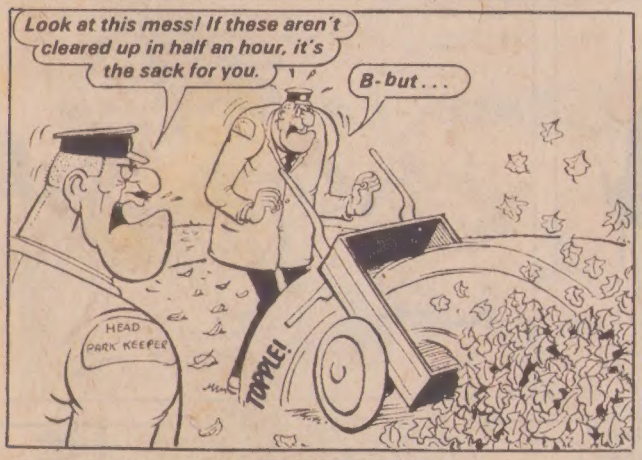
The WHEELIES

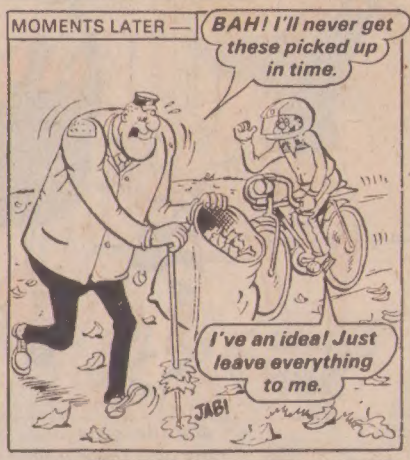
FATBELLY FLASH ACE BARRIE

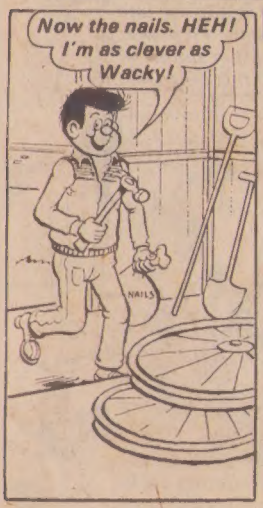


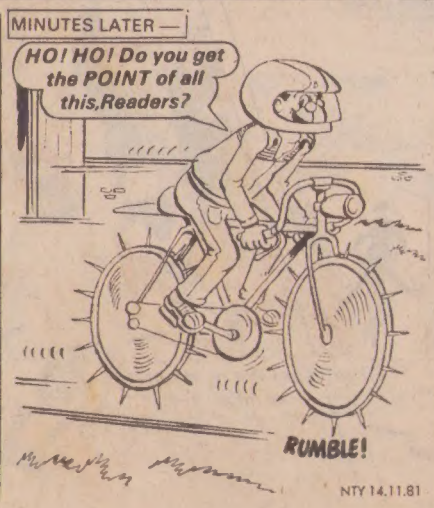


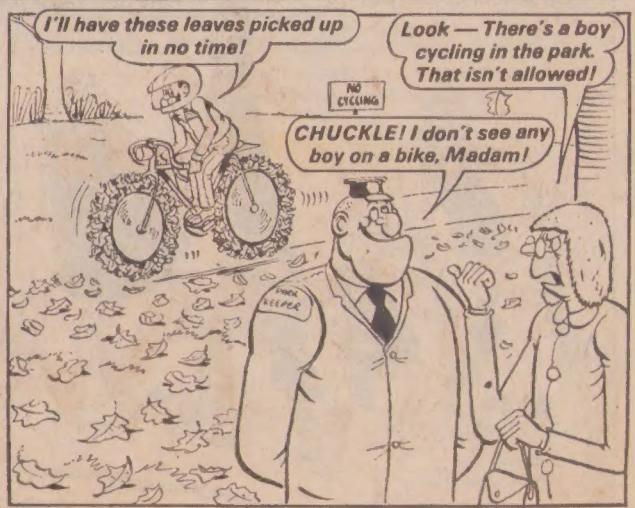












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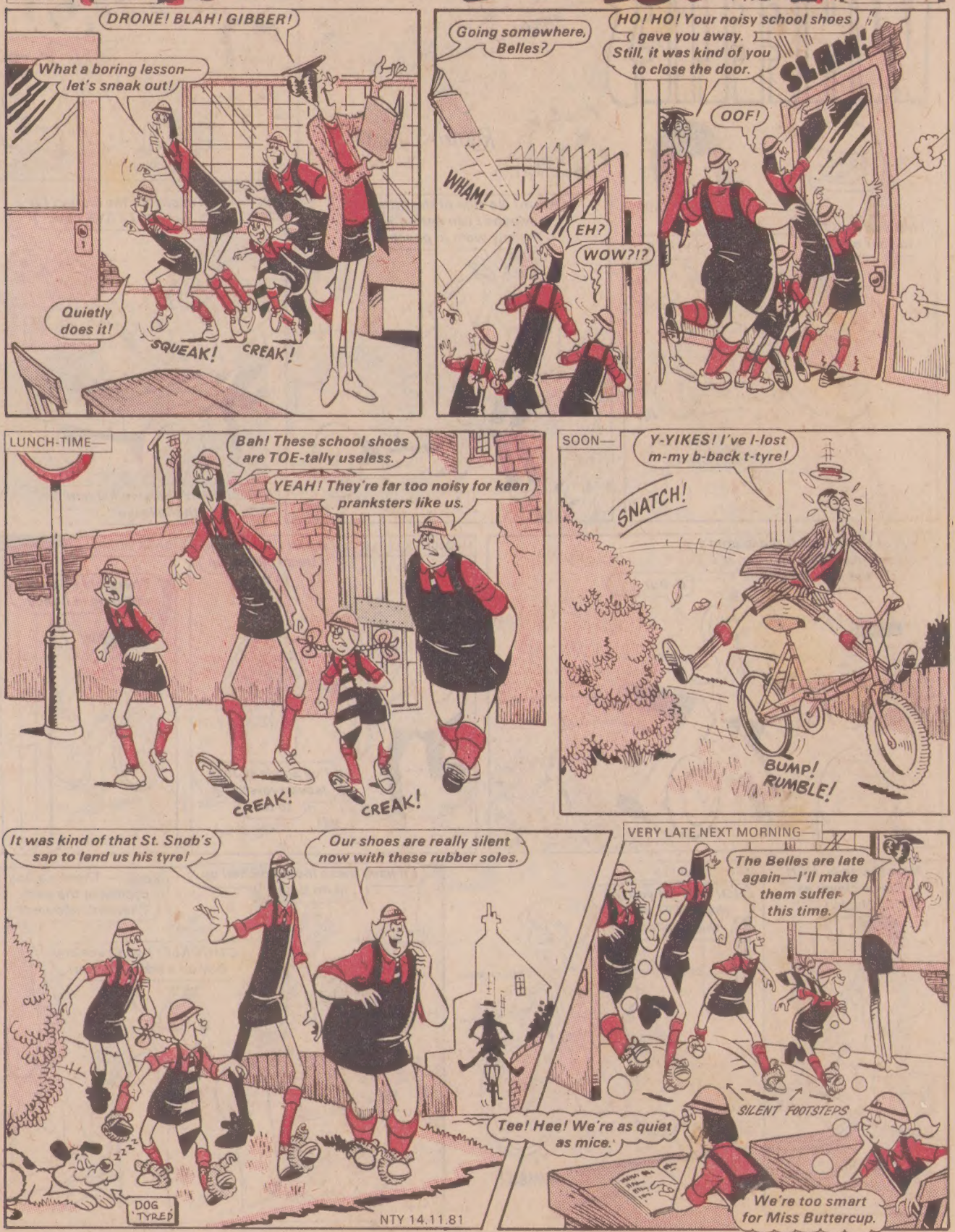
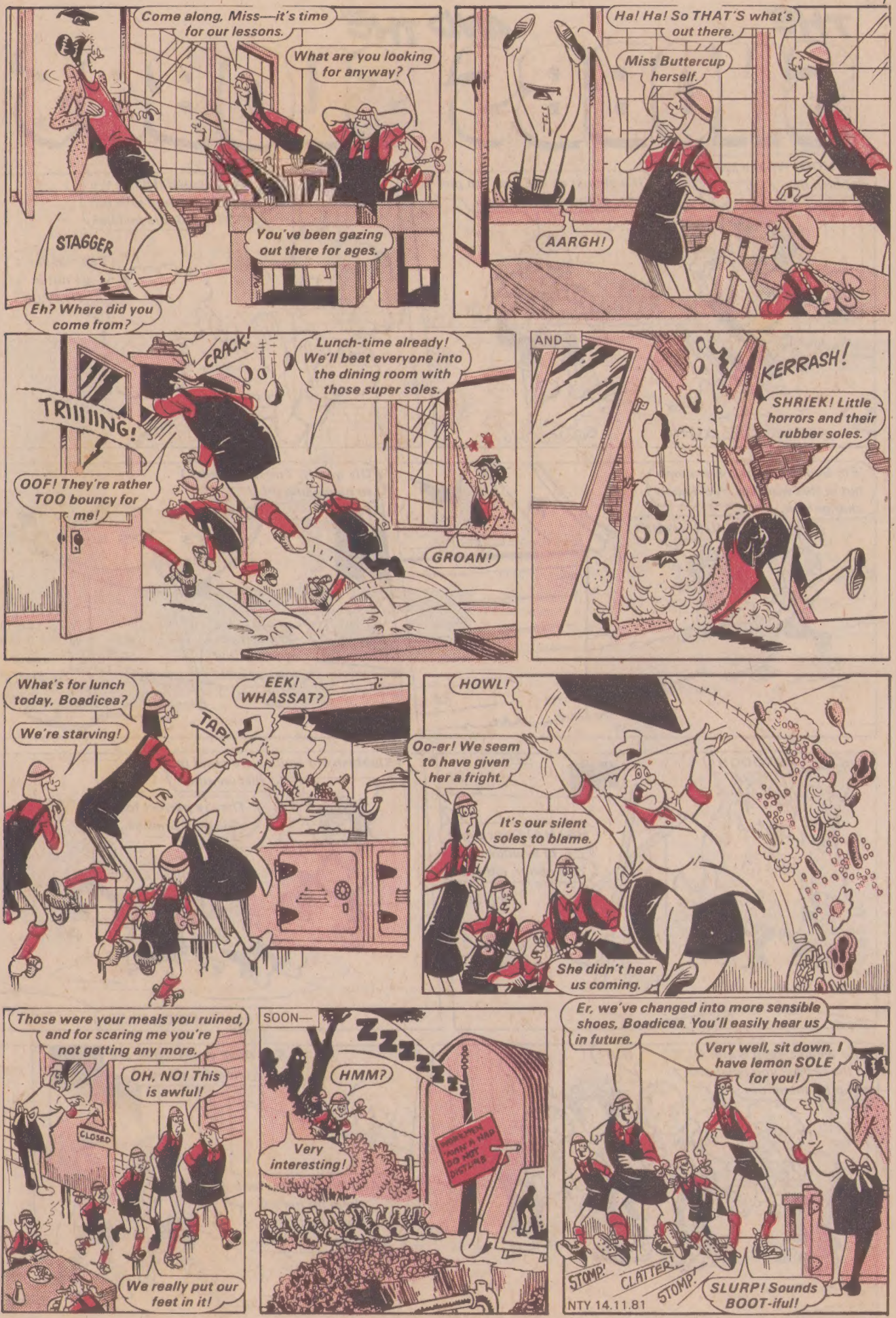
The School Belles

DAISY VIOLET ROSE MARIGOLD




Come along, Miss—it's time for our lessons.
What are you looking for anyway?
You've been gazing out there for ages.
STAGGER
Eh? Where did you come from?
Ha! Ha! So THAT'S what's out there.
Miss Buttercup herself.
AARGH!
TRIIIIING!
CRACK!
Lunch-time already! We'll beat everyone into the dining room with those super soles.
OOF! They're rather TOO bouncy for me!
GROAN!
AND—
KERRASH!
SHRIEK! Little horrors and their rubber soles.
What's for lunch today, Boadicea?
We're starving!
TAP!
EEK! WHASSAT?
HOWL!
Oo-er! We seem to have given her a fright.
It's our silent soles to blame.
She didn't hear us coming.
Those were your meals you ruined, and for scaring me you're not getting any more.
OH, NO! This is awful!
CLOSED
We really put our feet in it!
SOON—
Zzzzzzz
HMM?
Very interesting!
WORKMEN HAVE A NAP DO NOT DISTURB
Er, we've changed into more sensible shoes, Boadicea. You'll easily hear us in future.
Very well, sit down. I have lemon SOLE for you!
STOMP!
CLATTER!
STOMP!
SLURP! Sounds BOOT-iful!
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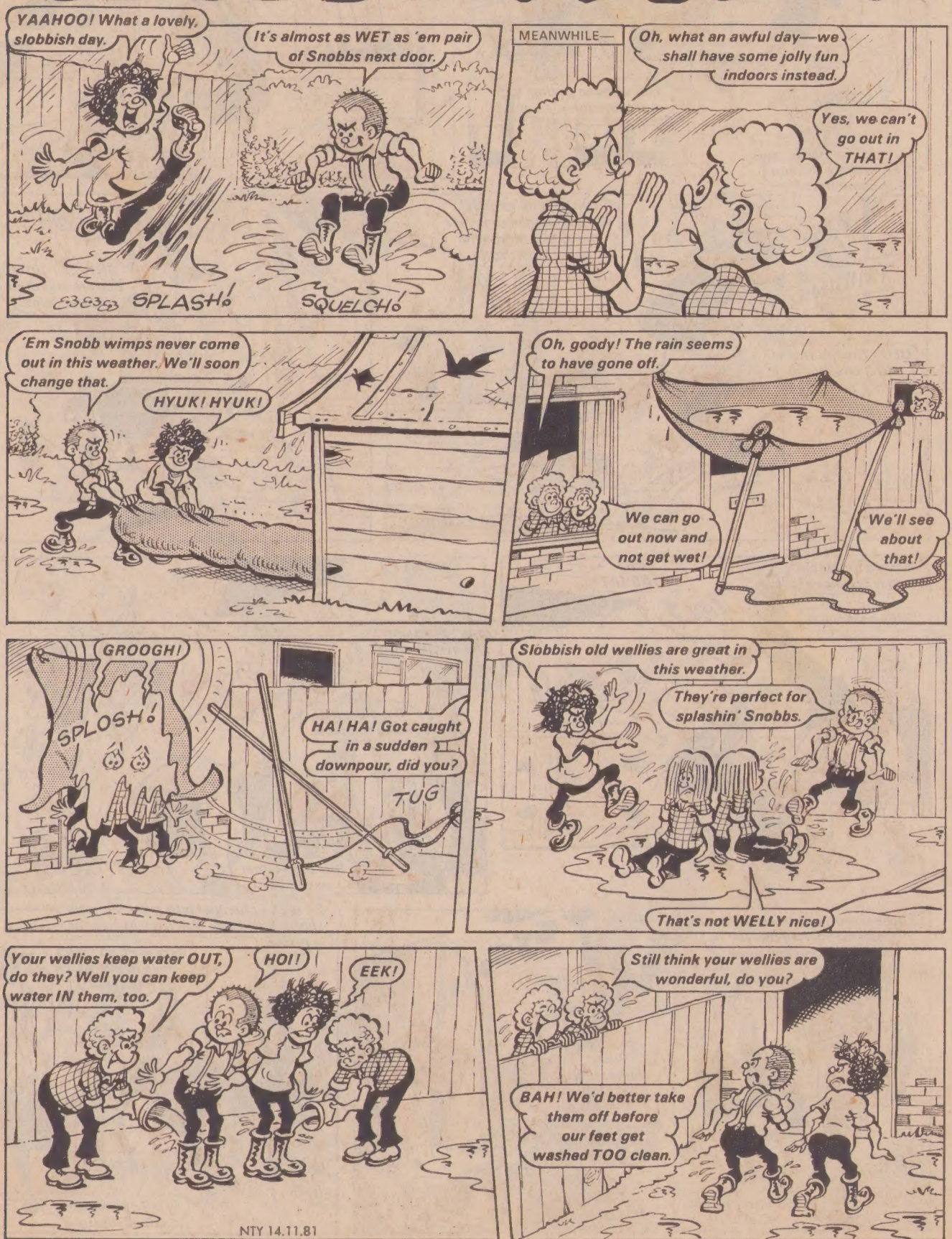
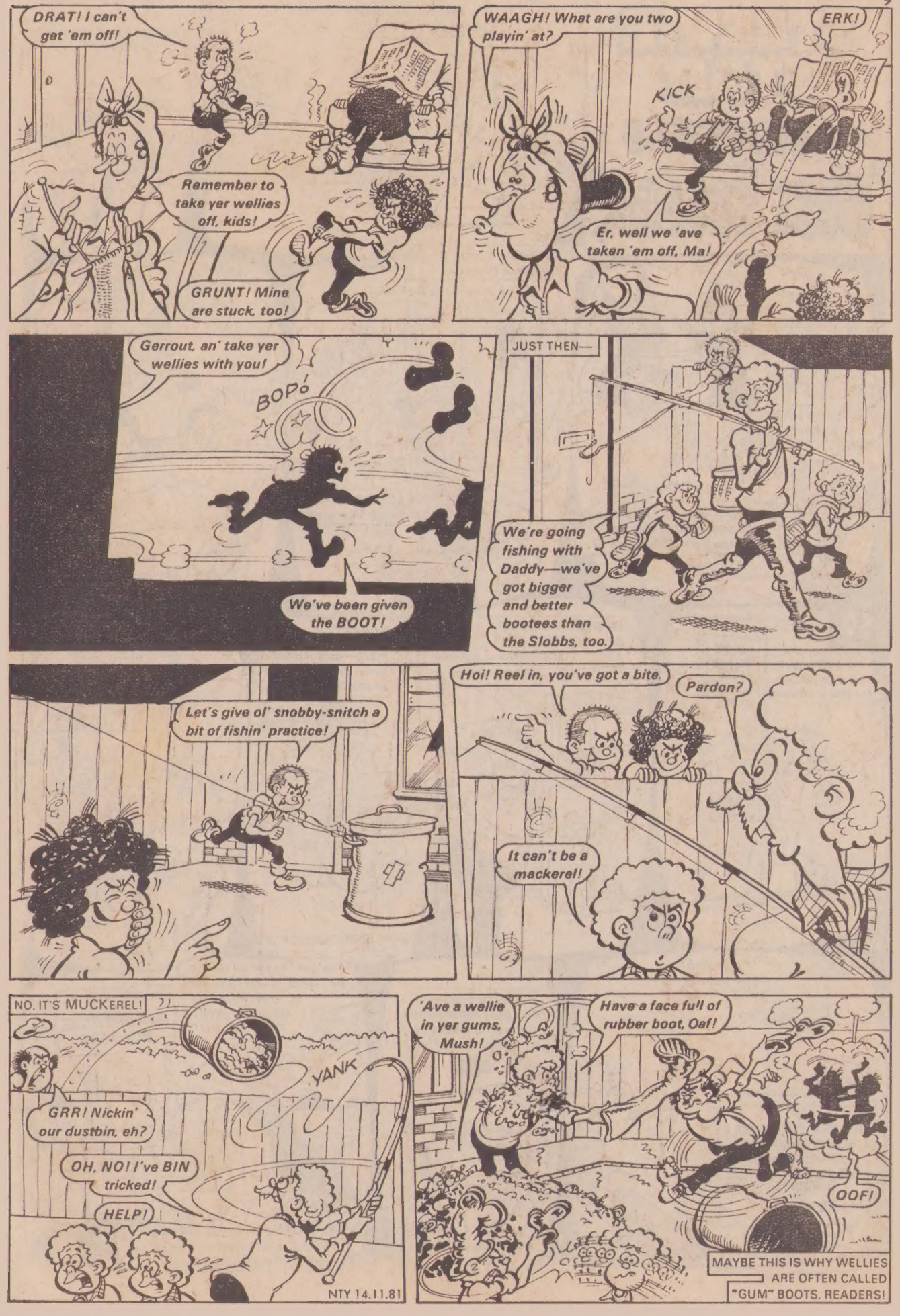
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS




DRAT! I can't get 'em off!
Remember to take yer wellies off, kids!
GRUNT! Mine are stuck, too!
WAAGH! What are you two playin' at?
ERK!
KICK
Er, well we 'ave taken 'em off, Ma!
Gerrout, an' take yer wellies with you!
BOP!
We've been given the BOOT!
JUST THEN—
We're going fishing with Daddy—we've got bigger and better bootees than the Slobbs, too.
Let's give ol' snobby-snitch a bit of fishin' practice!
Hoi! Reel in, you've got a bite.
Pardon?
It can't be a mackerel!
NO, IT'S MUCKEREL!
YANK
GRR! Nickin' our dustbin, eh?
OH, NO! I've BIN tricked!
HELP!
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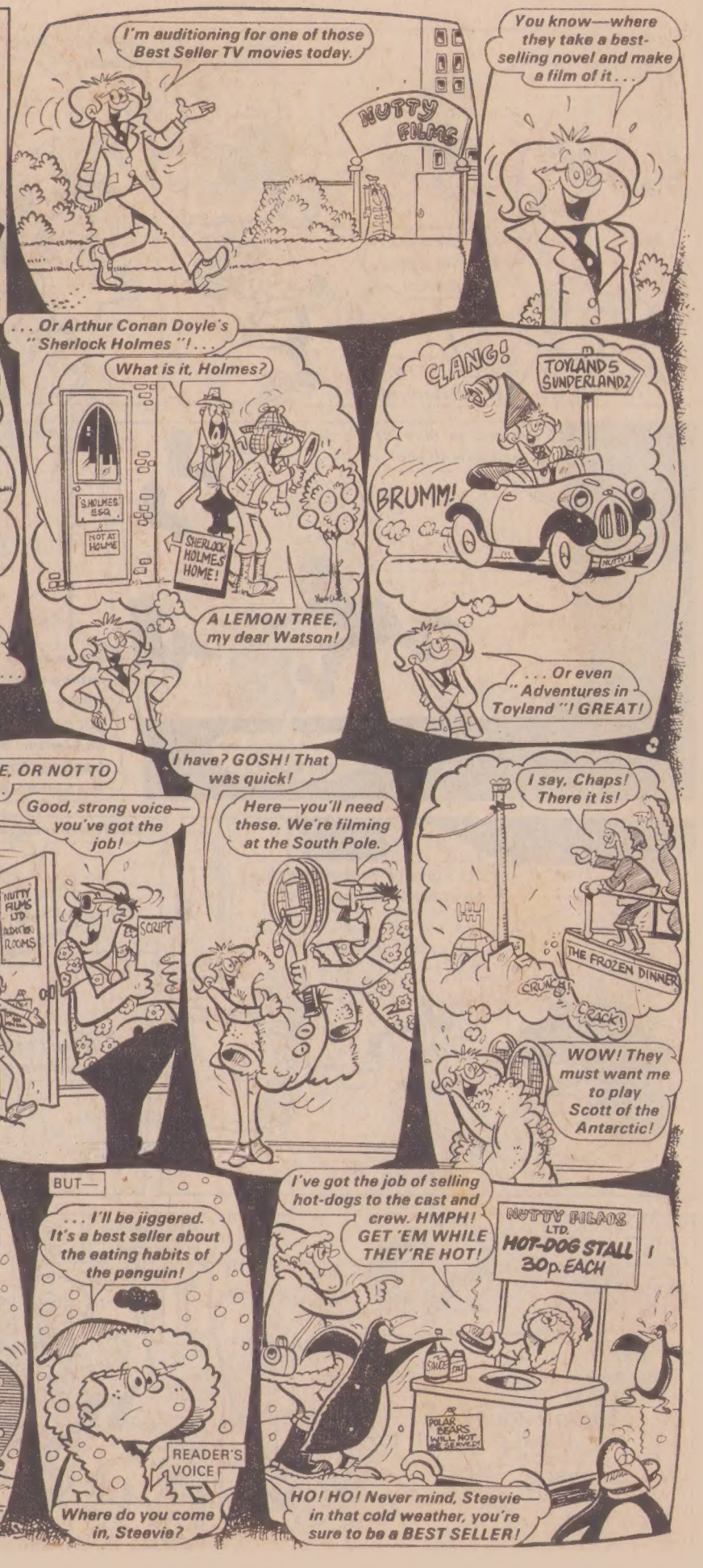
'Ave a wellie in yer gums, Mush!
Have a face full of rubber boot, Oaf!
OOF!
MAYBE THIS IS WHY WELLIES ARE OFTEN CALLED "GUM" BOOTS, READERS!

STEEVIE STAR as HIMSELF in "BEST SELLER"



SPORTS FAN

'SME!

Fan's going to be late for school today!
READER'S VOICE

DONG! DONG!

WHOOSH!

SCHOOL

Made it!

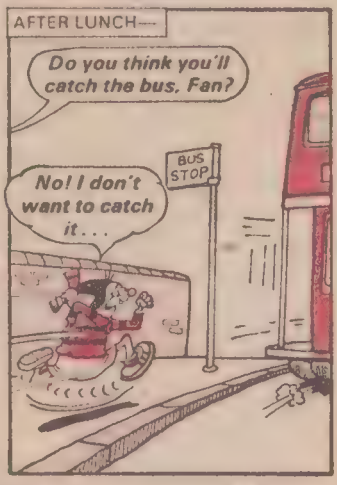
I'm getting ready for the big race this afternoon!
Slow down, Fan, or you'll be worn out before it starts.

LUNCH-TIME—
Did you get the number of the truck that flattened your face?
ZOOM!
Cheek!

GRR!

Too slow, Flat-chops!
SLAM!

That hound helped my sprint training!
I'm telling you, Fan! You'll be worn out before the big race.
EVEN FLATTER NOW!


AFTER LUNCH—
Do you think you'll catch the bus, Fan?
BUS STOP
No! I don't want to catch it...

... I'm going to RACE it to the sports ground!

MUCH RUNNING LATER—
Done it! And I've saved the bus fare!
SPORTS STADIUM

Fan's not running! I warned her she'd be worn out before the race!
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It's not ME that's worn out—it's my SHOES! I shouldn't stop so quickly!

THE WILD ROVERS

HUNK MAGNUS PEEK SINGH SONGH PATCH LADY

DOGSBODY SILLY VILLY TAFF HAGGIS BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

Hey, Taff, Patch has got a trunk!

You mean he's turning into an elephant, Magnus?

No! I mean he's been picking things up at the city dump!

Look at this trunk I found, Dogsbody!

PSST! Have you heard about Singh Songh, Villy?

No! Tell me!

SO—

WHISPER! . . WHISPER! . .

TWO TAILS? He's got two tails!

There's the two TALES! He's just been to the library!

Pah! Magnus fooled me!

I'm starving!

Haggis has a lot of bones!

Schlurp! Let us at those bones!

There's Haggis—and he's not got a single bone!

Hiya!

Oh, yes, he does! Haggis has bones in his back, bones in his legs . . .

?

Hmph! Not funny!

SHORTLY—

Poor Hunk!

What's wrong with Hunk?

THROB!

He's got a great big paw!

Oh, no!

JUST THEN—

Hunk! What's this I hear about your big paw?

That's my paw there! He was scolding me for going around with a bad crowd!

It's his FATHER!

You're a silly bunch! Always getting things wrong!

Magnus thinks he's smarter than the rest of us!

We'll show him!

LATER—

SURPLUS STORE

TROPICAL FISH

Run, Magnus! Basil, the dog-catcher's in that shop buying a tank!

TROPICAL FISH

Har-har! As if Basil will be able to run after me, carrying a tank!

ARMY SURPLUS STORE

TROPICAL FISH

Like my tank, Magnus?

CRASH!

ULP! It was THAT shop he was in!

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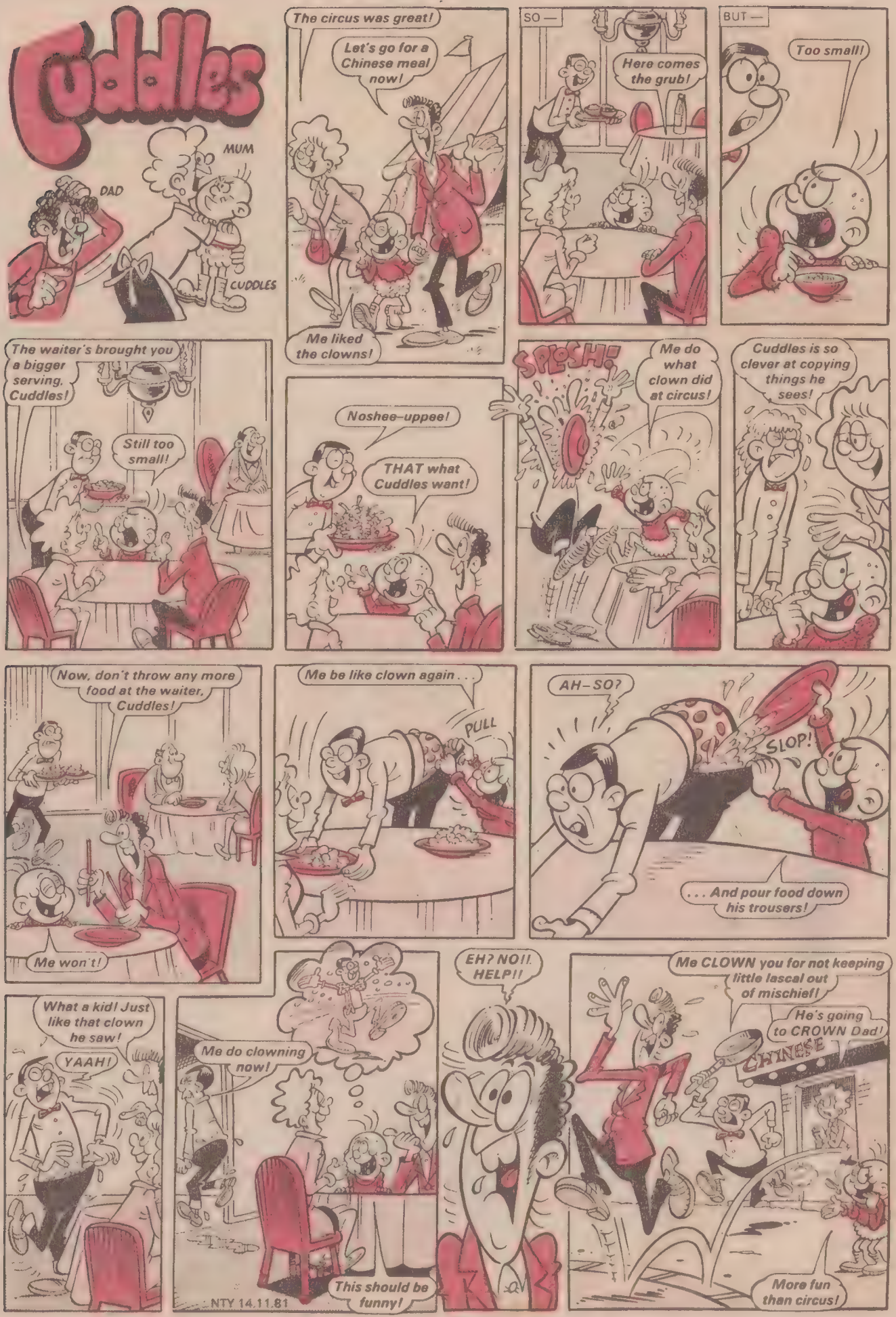
Who's a silly boy then, Magnus?

BLAM!

POW!

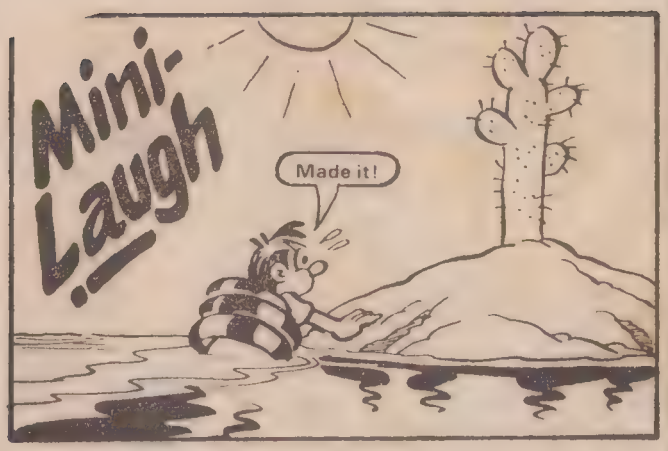
BLAST!


Cuddles
MUM
DAD
CUDDLES
The circus was great!
Let's go for a Chinese meal now!
Me liked the clowns!
SO —
Here comes the grub!
BUT —
Too small!
The waiter's brought you a bigger serving, Cuddles!
Still too small!
Noshee-uppee!
THAT what Cuddles want!
SPLOSH!
Me do what clown did at circus!
Cuddles is so clever at copying things he sees!
Now, don't throw any more food at the waiter, Cuddles!
Me won't!
Me be like clown again . . .
PULL
AH-SO?
SLOP!
. . . And pour food down his trousers!
What a kid! Just like that clown he saw!
YAAH!
Me do clowning now!
This should be funny!
NTY 14.11.81
EH? NO!! HELP!!
Me CLOWN you for not keeping little rascal out of mischief!
He's going to CROWN Dad!
CHINESE
More fun than circus!

DOODLEBUG

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
AAH! What a lovely morning!
HOURS LATER--
CROAK-A-CROAKLE-CROAK!
EXHAUSTED
Oh, dear! Bed Bug must be still in bed—as usual!
JUST THEN--
I'LL soon waken that lazybones!
Er, okay, Humbug!
WAKEY-WAKEY!
SNORE!
WAAGH! He sleeps on a WATER bed!
ZZZ!
RIP!
SPLASH!
HELP! Call out the lifeboat!
WHOOSH!
ZZZ!
GOSH! We'll NEVER waken Bed Bug at this rate.
MUCH SNORING LATER--
I'll waken him, Doodlebug, with a blast on my bugle—it never fails in the army!
It's worth a try, Bugle Bug!
What a racket!
TOOT-TE-ROOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT!
That's BOUND to waken him!
BUT, MANY TOOTS LATER--
That hasn't worked either!
SNORE!
PANT! WHEEZE!
I've an idea!
SWEETS
MINUTES LATER--
ZZZ! Eh?.. Whassat?
PING!
PING!
BOP! BOP! BOP!
NTY 14 11 81
HA! HA! Bet you had SWEET dreams, eh, Bed Bug?
YAWN! It's nice to be up early in the afternoon!
Boiled sweets. My favourite!

ADVERTISEMENT



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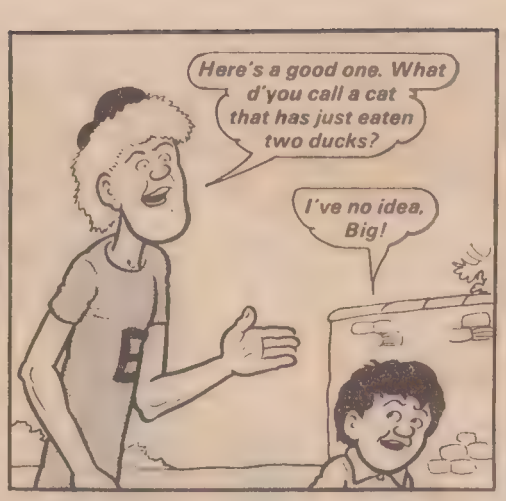
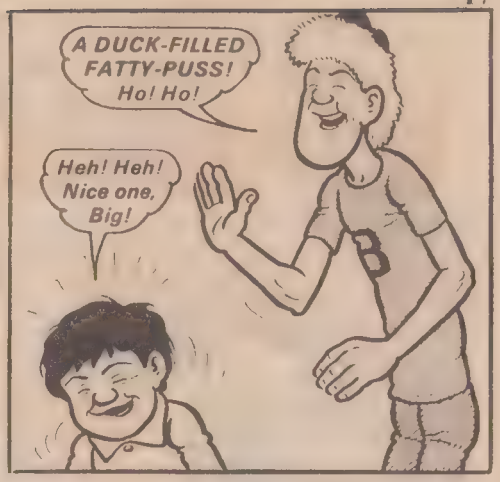
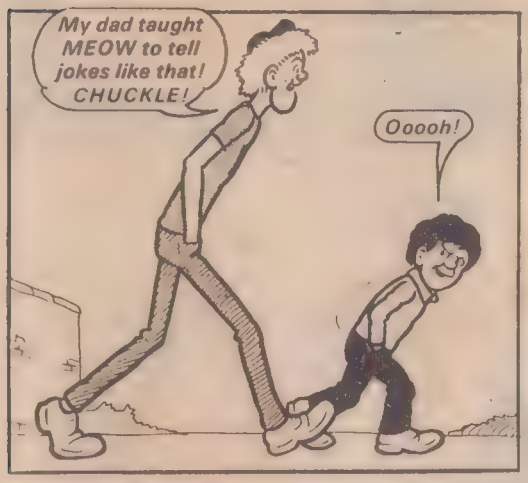
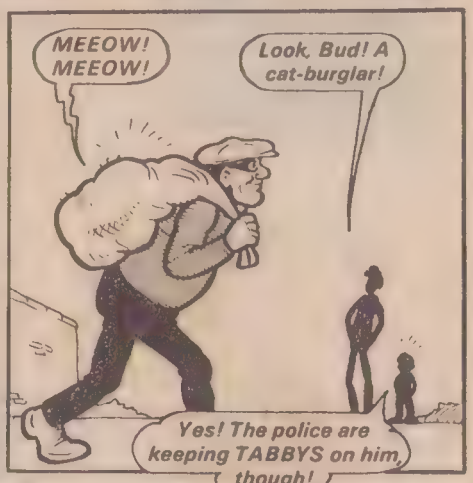
BIG 'N' BUD


Here's a good one. What d'you call a cat that has just eaten two ducks?
I've no idea, Big!


A DUCK-FILLED FATTY-PUSS! Ho! Ho!
Heh! Heh! Nice one, Big!


My dad taught MEOW to tell jokes like that! CHUCKLE!
Ooooh!

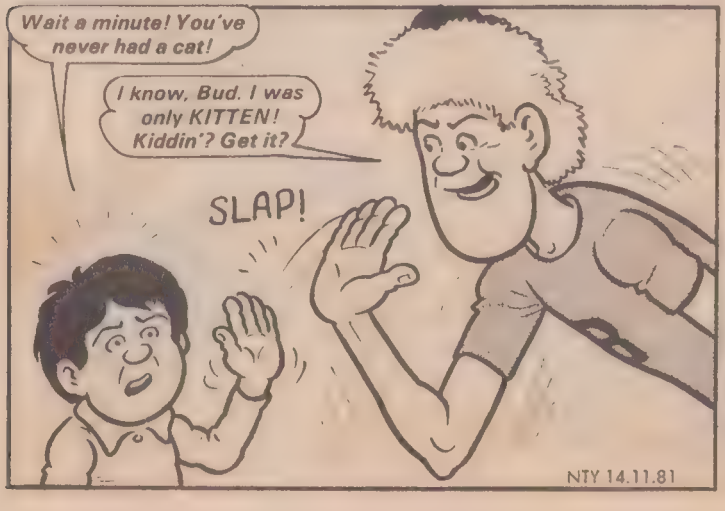
Talking of cats, my kitten used to be an expert at bandaging wounds. It was a first-aid KIT!


MEEOW! MEEOW!
Look, Bud! A cat-burglar!
Yes! The police are keeping TABBYS on him, though!

I once lost my cat! Couldn't find it anywhere!
Did you?

Why didn't you put an ad in the MEWSpaper?
Don't be silly, Bud...

... Cats can't read!
Ooh! I walked right into that one, Big!


Wait a minute! You've never had a cat!
I know, Bud. I was only KITTEN! Kiddin'? Get it?
SLAP!
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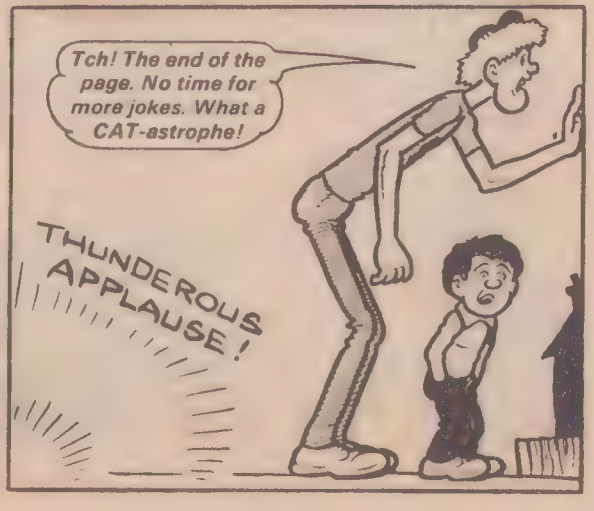
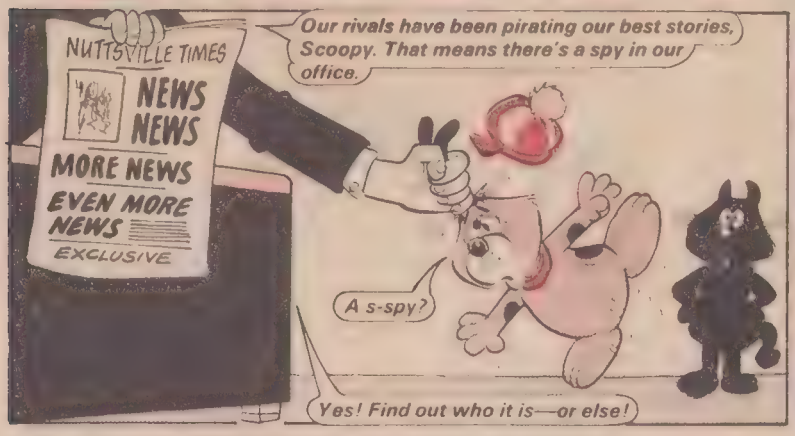
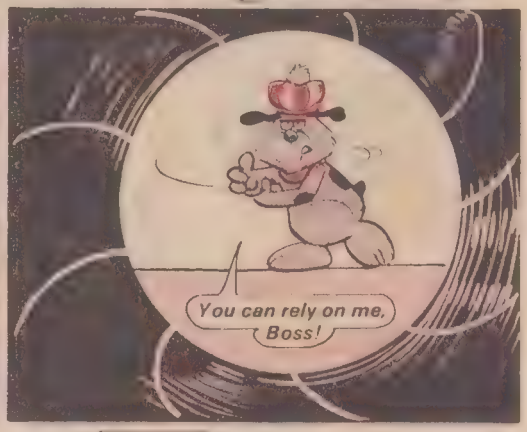
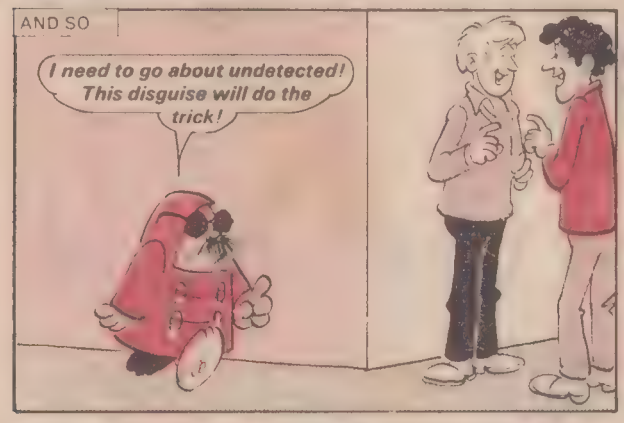

Tch! The end of the page. No time for more jokes. What a CAT-astrophe!
THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE!

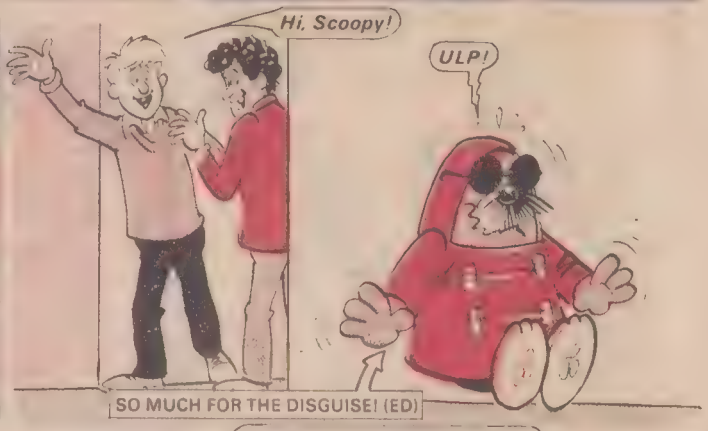
SCOOPY

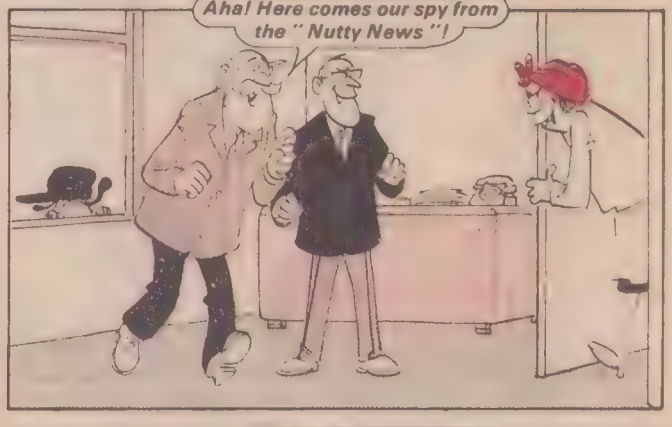
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

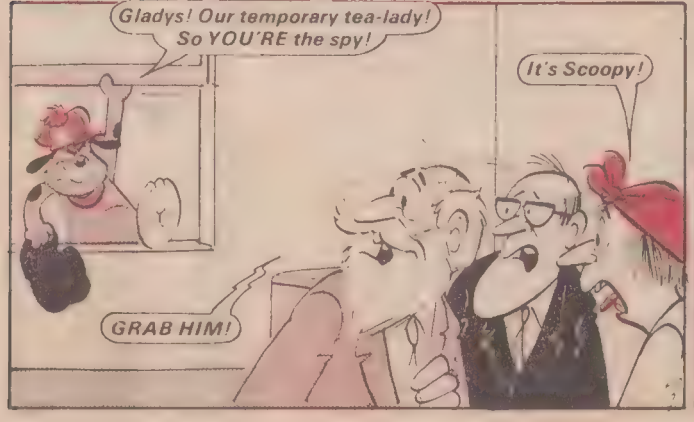


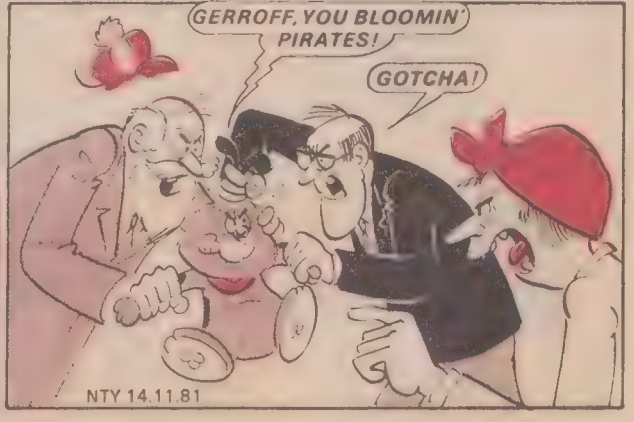


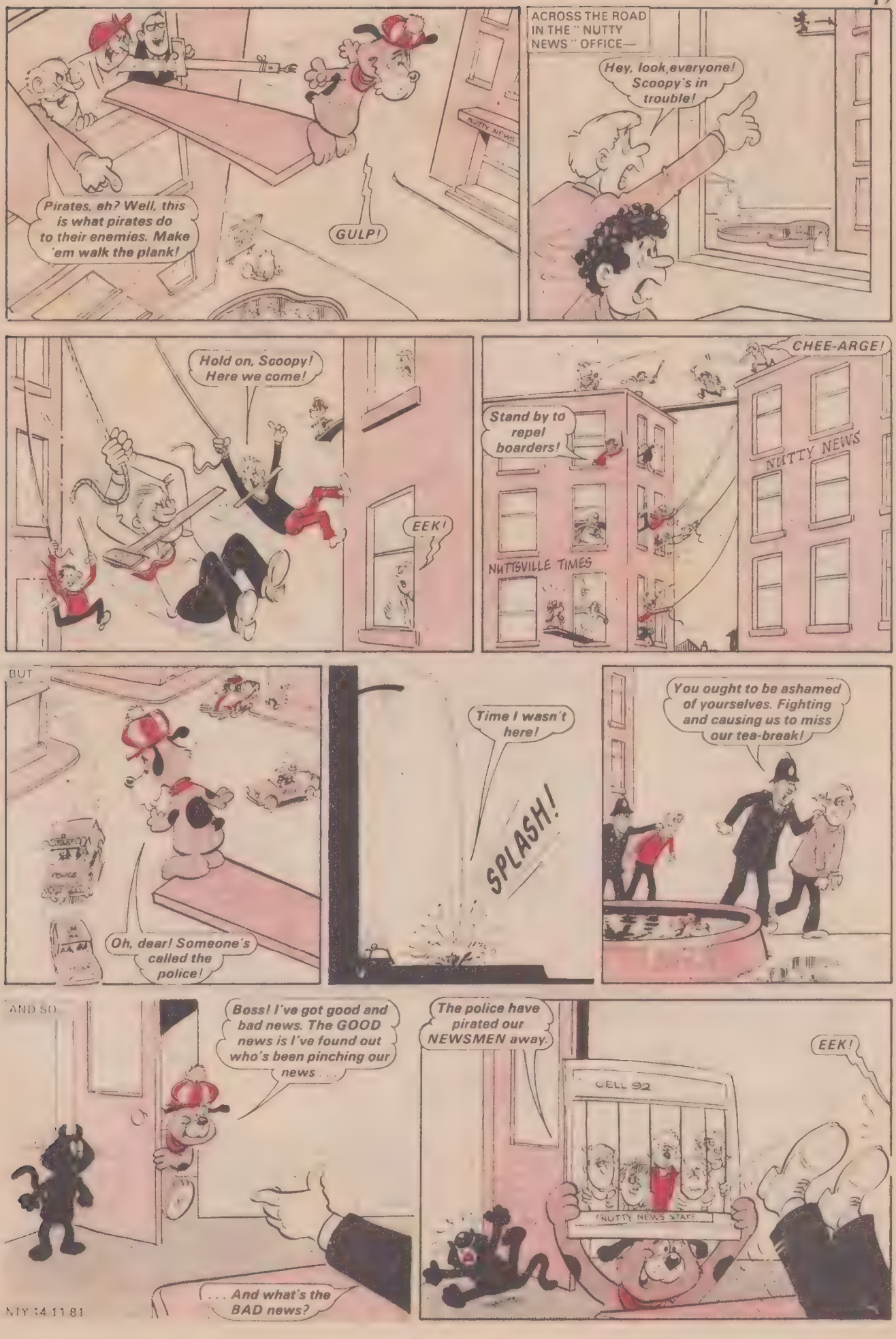




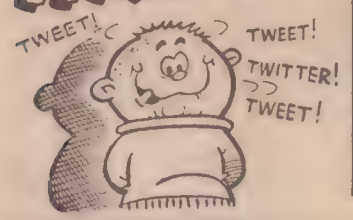


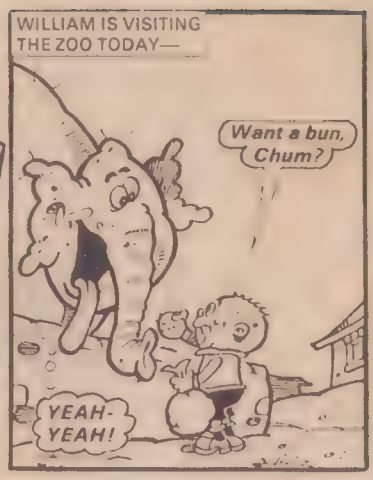


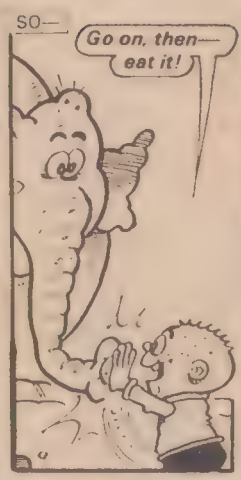


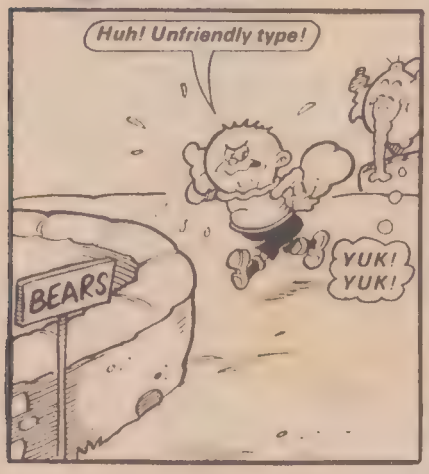

Pirates, eh? Well, this is what pirates do to their enemies. Make 'em walk the plank!
GULP!
ACROSS THE ROAD IN THE "NUTTY NEWS" OFFICE—
Hey, look everyone! Scoopy's in trouble!
Hold on, Scoopy! Here we come!
EEK!
CHEE-ARGE!
Stand by to repel boarders!
NUTTY NEWS
NUTTSVILLE TIMES
BUT
Oh, dear! Someone's called the police!
Time I wasn't here!
SPLASH!
You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Fighting and causing us to miss our tea-break!
AND SO
Boss! I've got good and bad news. The GOOD news is I've found out who's been pinching our news . . .
. . . And what's the BAD news?
The police have pirated our NEWSMEN away.
CELL 92
NUTTY NEWS STAFF
EEK!
MAY 14 11 81

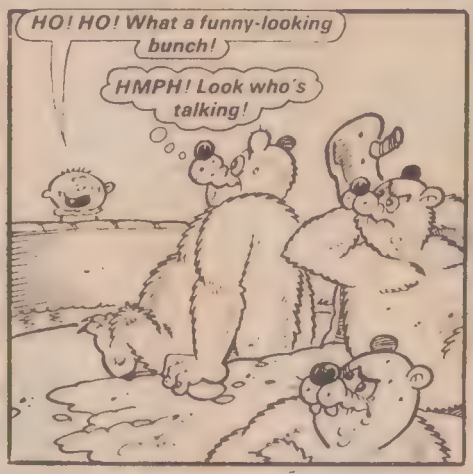
TWEET WILLIAM

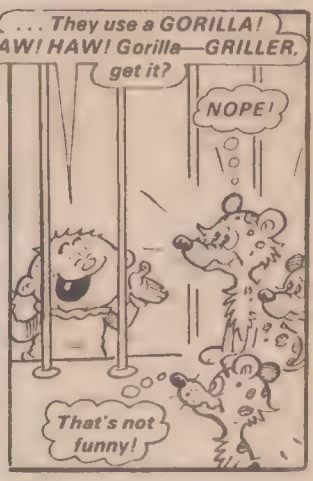


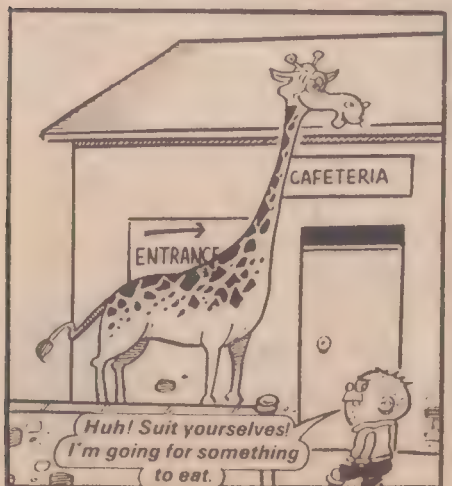


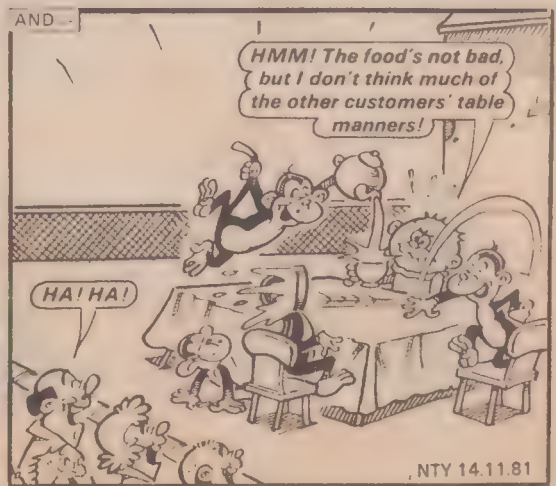


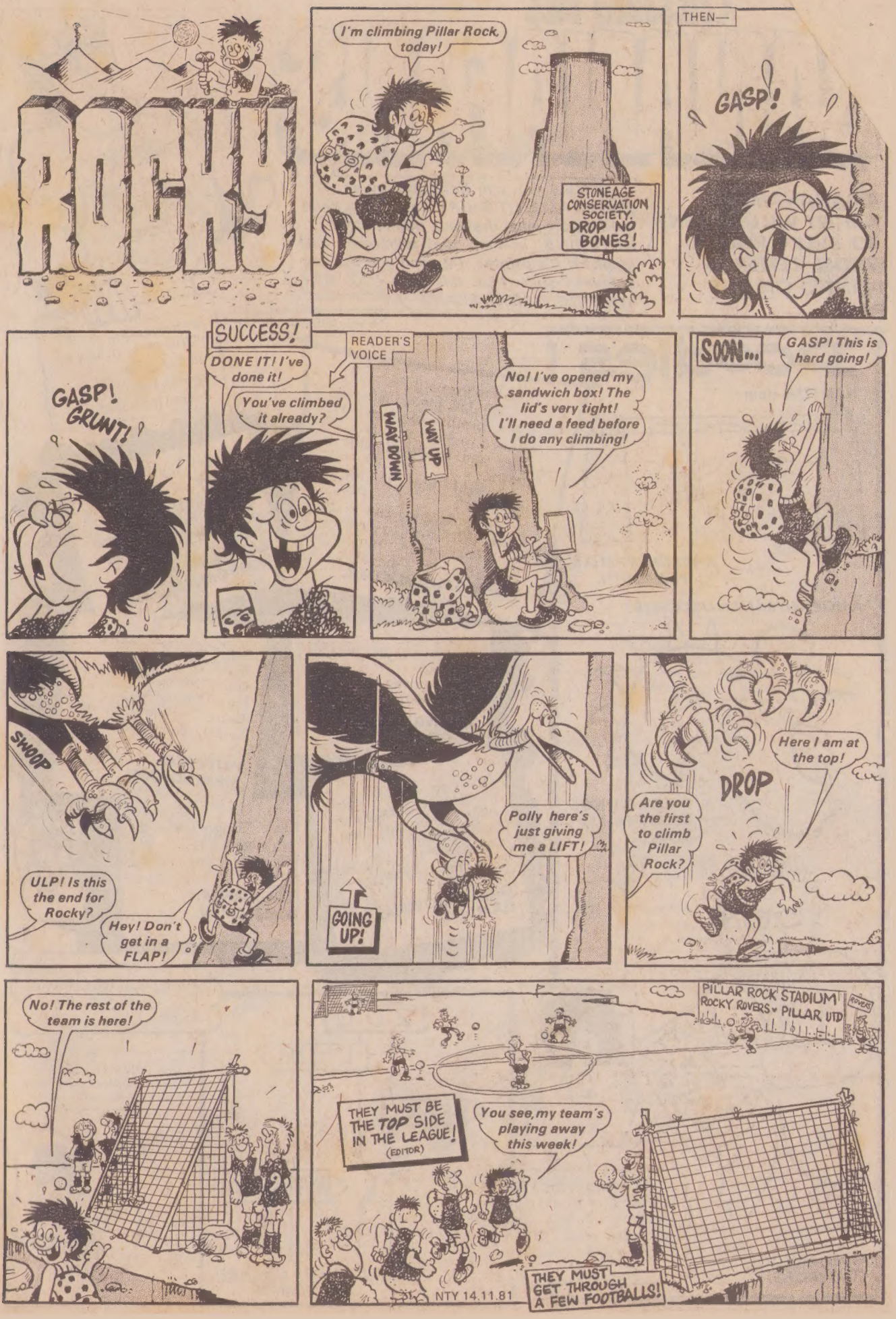











ROCKY
I'm climbing Pillar Rock, today!
STONEAGE CONSERVATION SOCIETY. DROP NO BONES!
THEN—
GASP!
GASP! GRUNT!
SUCCESS!
DONE IT! I've done it!
You've climbed it already?
READER'S VOICE
WAY DOWN
WAY UP
No! I've opened my sandwich box! The lid's very tight! I'll need a feed before I do any climbing!
SOON...
GASP! This is hard going!
SWOOP
ULP! Is this the end for Rocky?
Hey! Don't get in a FLAP!
Polly here's just giving me a LIFT!
GOING UP!
DROP
Here I am at the top!
Are you the first to climb Pillar Rock?
No! The rest of the team is here!
PILLAR ROCK STADIUM
ROCKY ROVERS v PILLAR UTD
ROVERS
THEY MUST BE THE TOP SIDE IN THE LEAGUE! (EDITOR)
You see, my team's playing away this week!
THEY MUST GET THROUGH A FEW FOOTBALLS!
NTY 14.11.81

CALLING ALL BANANAFANS

A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT WILL BE SENT TO EVERY READER WHOSE LETTER IS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE.

Now you can have your own BANANAMAN T-SHIRT, fans! Just send me a funny joke, drawing, poem, story . . . ANYTHING in fact, that will make me laugh! If it's printed, I'll send you a super colour T-shirt like this one—SO GET WRITING, BANANAFANS!

Here's the address for your letters—

BANANAMAN,
"NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263,
20 Cathcart St.,
Kentish Town,
London NW5 3BN.

Doodles

HAMSTER-dam

ANDREW WHEELER, PLYMOUTH.

A HORNED BANANA-SCOFFER.

PAUL KEELING, ECCLESHALLS, STAFFS.

My teacher, who is always confiscating my "Nutty"!
AIDEN McCOOL, CO. TYRONE.

Maybe you and your schoolmates should club together and buy him one each week. Then he'd stop reading yours!

Dear Bananaman,
One day, I was taking my young brother to school. He pointed to a car with an "L" plate and he asked what it meant.
I told him it meant "learner".
Next day, we saw a car with "G.B." stuck to the back.
"That man must be getting better!" he said.
JOHN GECHAN, CORK.

What's the difference between a sick elephant and a dead bee?
One's a seedy beast and the other's a bee deceased.
CATHERINE ROWLEY, WIMBORNE, DORSET.

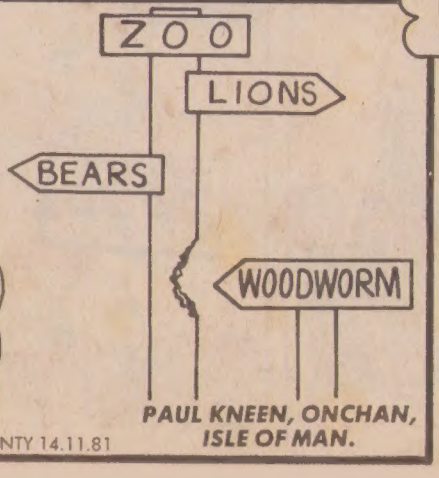
How do you get moles off your legs?
Hit them with a rolled-up newspaper!
AMANDA SHONE, SOUTH SHIELDS.

Bud:- "Knock! Knock!"
Big:- "Who's there?"
Bud:- "Ivanhoe!"
Big:- "Ivanhoe who?"
Bud:- "Ivanhoe'l in my bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza!"
PETER HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

Two men went to catch pheasants with their dog. After six hours, they had caught nothing.
One said:- "I don't think we're throwing the dog high enough!"
GARETH POWELL, GAIRLOCH.

Pupil:- "Empty bottle, tin can, paper bag . . ."
Teacher:- "Stop talking rubbish."
LISA TURNER, WIMBLEDON.

I'll say one thing about those jokes, folks. They're FAR better than Big 'n' Bud's!



PAUL KNEEN, ONCHAN, ISLE OF MAN.

NTY 14.11.81

Don't forget to include your name, address and T-shirt size in your letters, fans!

WACKY the CRACKPOT INVENTOR

Continued from front page.

Where've you been? You never phone—not even a postcard. Call yourself a son?

OUCH!

Sorry, Mum, but I've been so busy fighting crime on Earth, I didn't have time!

That's okay, then, Son!

JUST THEN, A KNOCK ON THE DOOR—

A knock on the door!

I'll get it!

KISS

YIKES! Who's this?

It's your cousin, Erica, Son!

She's a great fan of yours!

My hero!

Hmm! So I see!

She reads all about you each week in "Nutty"!

You get "Nutty" HERE?

ADVERTISEMENT—

YES, FOLKS! "NUTTY" SURE GETS AROUND! HAVE YOU ORDERED YOUR COPY YET?

BACK TO THE STORY—

The Banana-signal! I'm needed back on Earth—and I only just got here!

Take me with you! PLEASE!

Sorry, Erica. My work on Earth is dangerous. No place for a little girl!

I've packed you some sandwiches and some clean socks. Ta-ta, Son! SNIFF!

'Bye, Mum!

CHEERIO!

'Bye, Son! Be good!

EARTH

This story was based on an idea from NUTTY reader, Michael Randle of Coventry. We'll be sending you a super Bananaman T-shirt, Michael!

SECONDS LATER, BACK ON EARTH—

Now to see what evil awaits Bananaman, the lone super-hero!

Er . . . not quite alone! Don't forget about ME!

GASP! ERICA!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK! DON'T MISS IT!

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